



# Savior



scifi escape exodus

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## Chapter 1 by Jay

Deep in the bowels of space, surrounded by waves of drifting dust and bright balls of flame, the great behemoth lies in the deepest throes of its death. Surges of dark red and orange swirl together into a blend of beautiful, awesome destruction. Heat waves shimmer in the air around the glittering orb, emanating rapidly into the vacuum around it. The bright light that has illuminated the Milky Way galaxy for eons flares brightly, flashing and glowing in a seemingly random sequence. Soon it will explode. Soon it will die.

Light years away, a planet known as Earth orbits this dying star. Masses crowd the surface, swarming over brown, barren wastelands and the rubble of great cities to get a glimpse of the death of their world. When the sun dies, so too will they.

They're aware of this, wandering aimlessly around what little remains to them. Mothers clutch their children, absorbing every detail of their grimy skin and glazed eyes. Fathers weep in the streets, terrified of the coming darkness, but unable to protect themselves or their families. Orphans curl up in the gutters and beggars drink to Lady Death. They had tried fighting it. They had tried ignoring it. They had tried prayer and religion. They had tried everything. And it was too late.

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closed. But years of pollution, nuclear explosions and solar-draining had taken their toll. Nothing could stop this accelerated solar-burnout they had caused.

Seeing this, a group broke away. The rich, the famous, the powerful, those with any influence at all decided to take matters into their own hands. They sent probes far away into distant space, previously completely unexplored. They looked for planets that could sustain human life. They built shuttles and starships, hoarding food and oxygen. They created chemicals to transform wastelands into utopias. For a while, they kept their preparations secret.

But nothing that big stays secret for long. Eventually word got out. Whether it was a jealous member of the lower echelons of the upper class, or a favored maid or manservant, or even a powerful man who wanted to remove some competition, someone told the secret.

That's when the riots started. The wars and devastations had not touched the great cities of the world. They remained as they had been, pristine and powerful in their strength and endurance. And then that strength began to crumble, unsupported by the populace on which it depended. It started simply: maids would spread dirt in the suites of the wealthy, reporters would slander the influential, and employees would be as unproductive as they possibly could. Most likely nothing would have changed, had things remained in this fashion. But the rich had to retaliate...

...drones rained bullets and missiles like hail onto the defenseless, spitting fire onto the beggars and widows, the crippled and orphaned. People were laid off by the thousands and police in riot gear swarmed the streets of the once great cities. Surrounded by the world they had destroyed, humans turned once more on each other, enraged beyond reason. Bombs exploded: sending shrapnel into the soft flesh of babies and women, and bloodthirsty animals were let loose in the streets to savage the less fortunate. Those in power, the self-proclaimed "Survivors", thought they were invincible. They were wrong.

They forgot that trees need roots to survive. Skyscrapers need strong bases. Everything began to go horribly wrong for them. Without farmers working for them, and afraid to go to the store, they began to starve. When they huddled, safely protected in their tall towers, those towers

were torn down brick by brick, beam by beam.

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A few managed to escape, they fled to the hills, the dark bulk of ancient creations of steel and black iron and solar p

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So even as the poor stand in the streets, amongst trash and waste, blocks of stone and wood, a ship is taking off, throwing herself off of the face of the planet. With engines blazing cold, blue fire, the Savior carried herself away from the once-great sanctuary, launching into the inky-black night ahead.

Behind her, the sun begins to fluctuate uncontrollably. Blasts of flame spiral off the burning plateaus, even as explosions begin to rock her valleys. From the center of the dying star, a perfect disc of fire begins to shoot outward, slowly at first, and then accelerating and accelerating and accelerating until it is gently brushing away the remnants of the solar system it once held together.

Out of the brightness, the black ship soars gracefully away, narrowly avoiding the fate to which they'd condemned the remaining members of the human race.

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